[ficlet] Bird-Cage.

- Sep. 11th, 2011 at 7:39 AM

Title: Bird-Cage.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG-13.
Warnings: Violence, blasphemy (moreso than usual), descriptiveness.
Pairings/Characters: God!Castiel + Michael.
Word Count: 583 words.
Summary: Castiel fishes Michael out of Hell so that he might have a chance to shape him into something pleasing.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card. The prompt I used was confined/caged...even if it's not 100% kinky, I think description porn counts for this. So there.

This is also for **ladyknightanka**, to whom I promised some twitfic about Godstiel and Michael. It's late, but I hope she likes it anyways. :3

He's cast his wings and halo aside in exchange for something *better*, but that doesn't mean he doesn't notice their absence every now and then.

For example: he's straddling Michael's back, pressing a hand into the space on Michael's back between his wings and feeling air and feathers as Michael flaps his wings frantically.

Michael's panicking, and Castiel is amused to see how birdlike he becomes as his fear dominates his thoughts. His heartbeat races, his wings flutter helplessly - it's in a fit of pique that Castiel does what he does next.

He pauses, gripping the base of Michael's wings. He thinks his back aches in sympathy when he tears the wing out at the root.

Michael screams, at least. Castiel takes note of that pain and memorizes the sound of it. Perhaps he can duplicate it...? He rips the other wing out, to be sure, and almost: it's not perfect.

Castiel smiles bitterly at the thought. 'Only God is perfect' - except that now he knows that no one is perfect - except, perhaps, for himself. The height of arrogance, perhaps, but as Castiel forces Michael to show his halo, he reflects on how strong he is now: how perfected without Grace he is.

Uncountable souls singing prayers to their keeper, in a universe where prayer is akin to fuel.

"Should I let you keep this?" Castiel whispers, drawing a fingertip around the circumference of the halo, like tracing the rim of a wineglass. "What do you think, Michael?"

Michael twists weakly and cannot answer, not with the length of cloth Castiel has tied around his head. Castiel smiles and reaches into Michael's essence, taking his Grace in hand.

"I'll let you keep your halo," Castiel whispers as he draws Michael's Grace out and fashions it into a new shape. It would be a pity to destroy such a pretty piece of light, he thinks. Michael cannot be allowed freedom to oppose him, but he has a solution in mind.

Castiel lets his fingers linger over Michael's Grace, and then he reaches out and changes Michael's shape entirely.

"If Lucifer is left to rot in Hell," Castiel murmurs. "And if I am not yet ready to enter Heaven, then I shall place your Cage on Earth."

Which means (as he is a loving and merciful lord) that Michael's Cage and shape cannot be lethal to humanity.

He sits and works, using Michael's Grace to fashion a Cage - one that resembles a birdcage more than anything else - and works metal over it to hide the searing light. A mere handful of the essence is left in Michael to sustain him, and as for his halo - Castiel dims that, just enough to be blinding but not permanently so to humans.

In the meantime: Michael's shape is molded into that of a bird, with a mighty wingspan and clipped wings.

As an afterthought Castiel tugs the consciousness of Michael's vessel out of him and gives it a new body. That he sends away, to somewhere on Earth.

Castiel walks through the sky and hangs Michael's cage within a system of clouds, and once done he steps back to look:

Shining silver bars (a light that might break through at any moment, too bright and too terrible to be seen) surrounding an overly large bird of prey that may never loose that angrily helpless expression.

There is a golden-white halo above its head, and Castiel looks upon this and thinks it good.